

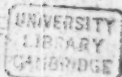
THE MEDALL.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.



By the Authour of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

Per Graiũm populos, mediaq; per Elidis Urbem
Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat Honores.

EDINBURGH,

Re-Printed Anno DOM. 1682;

THE MEDALL.

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By the Author of Absalom and Achitophel.

For Greatness popular, mediocrity; per Eudis Orbes
Ibat ovans; Divinaque sibi poscebat Honores.

12, 529

EDINBURGH.

Re-Printed Anno DOM. 1802.

EPISTLE

To the

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'Tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landcap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun, nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanc'd, that many a poor Polander who would be glad to worship this Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as Italian Painters do, when they wou'd draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him; and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun.

Epistle to the VVhigs.

Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modestie: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was more to rag, when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Kings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were vertue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchie. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessarie for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you: for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men; (to come nearer to you) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily doe, in Factions Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invest'd. You complain that his Majestie has lost the love and confidence of his People: and by your very urging it, you endeavour what, in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it: for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice: or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs:

or

Epistle to the VVhigs.

or to arraign what you do not like : which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him ? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers : and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen, from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd, the Growth of Popery : as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English People, is from Buchanan, de jure-regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murder'd Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza : or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenent) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion : But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate : which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental : and which carries your Loyalty no further than your likeing. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law : But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Pallament, you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot: & is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantry's of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments,

Epistle to the VVhigs

ments, lie close intrinc'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd faine be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queens approbation, and conjunction, as head of it: the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe as your own Fury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waive the answer of my Arguments: Never own the botome of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severly on the mis-carriages of Government for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcom: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despaire of your own Sayre, make me Satyrize myself. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the VVhip and Key. I am afraid it is
not

Epistle to the Whigs.

not read so much as the Piece deserves because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doo him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for wast-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin perhaps tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are, buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhymers, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, I am indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

Upon

UPON THE *AUTHOUR* of the following *POEM*

ONCE more our swifull Poet Arms, & engage
 The threatening Hydra-Faction of the Age:
 Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
 Yet modestly the Fight He long declin'd,
 Forboe the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
 Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needful Hour:
 His Sov'raigns Right by Patience half betray'd,
 VVak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
 Blest Muse, whose VVith with such a Cause was Crown'd,
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found:
 VVith chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc't & engage,
 Secure of Conquest He rebates his Rage:
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
 To less infected Members gentle sound,
 Or spares or else pours Balm into the VVound:
 Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse,
 Their wretched dogrell Rhymers forth they bring
 To Snarl and Bark against the Poet's King:
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before.
 On these He scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
 But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Stile.
 A Stile so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
 The Vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise:
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

To the Unknown Author of the following Poem, and that of
Absalom and Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cause Divine did shew;
Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
Such is their cause, tho the worst Muse shall dare }
Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful Song
Glides in a peaceful Majesty along,
No rebell Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The easie passage of his silent wave,
So sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
How sweet do's Vertue in your dress appear,
How much more charming, when much less severe
Whilst you our senses harmlesly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Stile,
Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sence th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the sweet *Trhacian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inspire,
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you,
O that you would with some such powerful Charm
Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theam afford
Or the great Deeds of God-like *JAMES*'s Sword,
Again fair *Galliä* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might Pass the subject main.

B

Another

Another *Buriall* read the *Drum* on,
Or such an *Offery* as you did moan,
While in such Numbers you, in such a strain
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk easie *Abalom* to rebel rage,
Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal,
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
Good *David* still maintains the Royal State,
Tho each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys,
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury rore.
Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.

Nor shalt thou move, tho *Hell* thy fall conspire,
Tho the worse rage of zeal's Fanatick Fire,
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* race,
Thou only fit to fill Great *Charles's* his place.

Ah wratched *Britains* : ah too stubborn Isle,
Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* soil
Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle reign.
Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below
While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with Honey flow
No more fond Isle, no more they self engage,
In civil fury, and intestine rage,
No rebel zeal thy duteous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast,
While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings,

THE

(1)

The Medall.

A
SATYRE
AGAINST
SEDITION

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
Which *English* Ideots run in crowds to see,
The *Polish* Medall bears the prize alone :

A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fayrs or Theatres have shown
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive :

So like the Man ; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.

One side is fill'd with Title and with Face,

And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,

On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys,

O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays,

The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,

Latamur which, in *Polish*, is *rejoice*,

The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd

And a new Canting Holiday design'd.

Five daies he sate, for everie cast and look,

B 3

Four

Four more than God to finish *Adam* took,
 But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
 Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* ?
 Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
 And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing will
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !
 A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
 Blown, like a Pigmee by the VVinds, to war,
 A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'r a Man,
 (So young his hatred to his Prince began)
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer.)
 A Vermin wriggling in the th' Usurper's Ear.
 Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold
 He cast himself into the Saint-like mould,
 Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain
 The lowest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's eyes,
 His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
 There split the Saint : for *Hypocritique* zeal
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal,
 Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
 Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same,
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack ?
 His nimble Wit ourran the heavy Pack.
 Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay
 Whole droves of Block heads choaking up his way;
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice,
 Villain and Wit exact a double price,
 Pow'r was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd,

Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd
 Behold him now exalted into trust;
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
 At best as little honest as he cou'd,
 And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
 To his first byass, longingly he leans,
 And rather wou'd be great by wicked means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold.
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
 From hence those tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far
 VVhen He cut down the Banks that made the bare
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade.
 But He by Art our native Strength betray'd
 So *Samson* to his Foe his force confest.
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate.
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway.
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle:
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale,
 And shews the Fiend confest'd without a vaile.
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government.
 That Claimes successive bear no binding force.
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course.
 Maintains the Multitude can never err.
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.

The

The reason's obvious, *Int'rest never lyes*
 The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes,
 The pow'r is alwaies theirs, and pow'r is ever wise,
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispure,
 Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute.
 Not Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leapt o'r all eternal truths, in thy *Pinbarique* way.
Athens, no doubt, did righteouslie decide,
 Whem *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
 As righteouslie they did those dooms repent,
 Still they were wise, what ever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then
 But now the World's o'r stock'd with prudent men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test,
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best,
 Idols in *India*, Poperie at *Rome*,
 And our own Worship onelie true at home.
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns,
 So all are God-a'-mighties in their turns.
 A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true.
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:
 And, that a lawful Pow'r might never cease,
 Secur'd succession, to secure our Peace.
 Thus, Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
 In equal Balances were justly cast.
 But this new *Febu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse,
 Inst, ucts the Beast to know his native force;
 To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.

Too

Too happie *England*, if our good we knew,
 Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue,
 The lavish Government can give no more :
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
 God try'd us once, our Rebel-fathers fought,
 He glutted'em with all the pow'r they sought,
 Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
 The free-born Subject sunk into a slave.
 We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails.
 Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails.
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill,
 Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his Will.
 That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe,
 None can they doe, and must they all receive.
 Help heaven. or sadlie we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r
 Alreadie they have lost their best defence,
 The benefit of Laws, which they dispence
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
 But baffled by an Arbitrarie Crowd.
 And Medalls grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord
 The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an *Ass*
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
 Might laugh again, to see a *Furie* chaw
 The prickles of unpalatable Law.
 The witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on bloud,
 Sucking for them were med'cinallie good,
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore,
 Their Mayden Oaths debauch'd into a whore.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd,
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
 They rack ev'n Scripture to consels their Cause,

And

And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page:
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age:
 And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
 Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;
 They make it speak whatever Sense they please!
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle to enquire:
 But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
 The Text inspires not them, but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
 How shal I praise or curse to thy desert!
 Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!
 I call'd thee *Nile*, the parallel will stand:
 Thy tydes of wealth o'flow the fattend Land;
 Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find;
 Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
 Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
 Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band:
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land;
 Thy military Chiefs are brave and true:
 Nor are thy disinchant'd Burghers few.
 The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way:
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But *Wisdom* is to *Sloth* too great a Slave,
 None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.
 Those let me curse: what vengeance will they urge,
 Whose Ordures neit her Plague nor Fire can purge:
 Nor sharp Experience can to duty bring,
 Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King!

In

A Satyre against Sedition.

19

In Gospel phraze their Chapmen they betray:
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey;
 The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
 They boast, ev'n when each other they beguile,
 Customes to steal is such a trivial thing,
 That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.
 All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
 They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
 They, for God's Cause their Monarch dare dethrone;
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.
 VVhether the plotting Jesuite say'd the plan
 Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guids outgo;
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.
 VVhat means their Trait'rous Combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
 Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.
 The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
 VVho doubts, but had it taken, they had joyn'd.
 Joyn'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
 At first withour, at last against their Prince.
 If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,
 The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun,
 He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
 Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.
 In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:
 By proving theirs no Flor, they prove 'tis worse;
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force,
 Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
 'Tis working, in the immediate Pow'r to be;
 For, from pretended Grievances they rise,

C

First

In

First to dislike, and after to despise
 Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal:
 Chop up a Minister, at every meal:
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King:
 But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
 From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and VVar:
 And ease him by degrees of publique Care,
 Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
 He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name:
 And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game }
 For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink, }
 To live at ease, and not to be bound to think? }
 These are the cooler methods of their Crime,
 But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
 On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand:
 And grin and whet like a *Croatian* band, }
 That waits impatient for the last Command. }
 Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain:
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain,
 And, if their pow'r the Passengers subdue,
 The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
 Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show,
 For, in some soyls Republicques will not grow,
 Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of pop'lar sway, or Arbitrary Reign,
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.
 And though the Clymate, vex't with various winds
 Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
 The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.
 But thou the pander of the peoples hearts,
 O Crooked Soul, and serpentine in arts,
 Whose blandishments, a Loyal Land have whor'd,

And

A Satyre against Sedition.

II

And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
 What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
 Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call,
 For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all.
 Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
 Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.
 But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
 And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
 What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
 Of all thy Bellowing Renegade Priests,
 That preach up Thee for God: dispence thy Laws:
 And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause?
 Fresh Fumes of madness raise; and toile and sweat
 To make the formidable Cripple great.
 Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
 Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
 Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree,
 For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
 That lets the World and Humane-kind alone:
 A jolly God, that passes hours too well
 To promise Heav'n, or threatn us with Hell.
 That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
 And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
 A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
 A Conventicle of gloomy fallen Saints;
 A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad;
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion, mad.
 Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
 What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
 If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
 And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
 Not Thou, nor those thy Faction's Arts ingage
 Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellion's Rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrept Age.

The

The swelling Boyes of the several Sees
 Which waiting vent, the Nations Health infects
 Shall burst its Bag, and fighting out their way
 The various Venoms on each other prey
 The *Presbyter*, puffed up with Spiritual Pride
 Shall on the Necks of the low Nobles ride:
 His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy
 And parcel out Republique Prelacy
 But short shall be his Reign, his rigid Yoke
 An Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane.
 The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall far
 In sharing their ill-gotten Spoiles of War
 Chiefs shall be g'rudge'd the part which they pretend;
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
 About their impious Merit shall contend.
 The surly Commons shall respect deny
 And justle Peereage out with Property
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aym,
 In hate of Kings shall cast away the Frame;
 And thrust out *Callatins* that bore their Name.
 Thus inboin Broyles the Factions wou'd engage
 Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age
 And our wild Libours, wearied into Rest
 Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

FINIS.



15

Behold how low the Coachman Beasts does kneel
 And the Burden Weight of the wretched Beasts feel:
 Passives and Bulls without a Kick move on
 Nor dare at least beneath the Burthen groan
 The Lions Drivers force it on the way
 What Cattle Knaves Command, Bulls Fools Obey.